

giving than life on the veldt, though in a few cases, as in mine, the air has been proved to be too irritating.

As I had to return to Cape Town so much sooner than was expected, Mrs. Jones kindly said she would hurry on her plans, and travel with me. She had for some time talked of placing the orphaned niece she was mothering in a good school at Cape Town. Accordingly one Saturday we started by bullock-waggon, which took us as far as Warrenton, and occupied four days. We had twelve oxen, and trekked three times in the twenty-four hours. We rather enjoyed it by day, but at night it was horrid, for the waggon jolted dreadfully. After dark we enjoyed sitting on the waggon-rail, watching the wonderful stars, and feeling

the air cooler and more refreshing. It was a strange Sunday, camping right out on the open veldt, with the glorious blue sky overhead. We took the train at a little siding called Border, only one tiny tin house in the place—no station, of course. The scene that last night was really picturesque. Imagine the lonely veldt, then there was our bright fire, the black boys (our drivers) lying around it, the waggon looming up, and the cattle sighing and puffing. Myriads of stars, and the Southern Cross flaming away, and we all crouched on a karoos, talking quietly, as befitted the scene, waiting for the train.

At 2.30 A.M. we got into the middle of the line, and waved a red light to stop the train; there was not a soul about, it seemed quite weird,

and I was glad not to be alone. I was glad to feel myself going further and further away from this hideous, God-forsaken looking country, so utterly flat and treeless. The railway journey occupied rather more than two days, making a six days' journey in all. I felt quite excited as we neared Cape Town and caught the first view of the sea; why, I felt close to England!

I must now bring this brief sketch to a close, and before doing so must confess I am lonely no more. In Cape Town I met my ideal, and I most emphatically can say, "Marriage is not a failure." I feel I owe a deep debt of gratitude to South Africa for giving me first of all renewed health, and then the kindest and best of husbands.  
R. M. W.

## A PRETTY BED-QUILT.

USING UP THE ODD PIECES.

"WHAT can I do with all these odds and ends of wool?" is a question one often asks when necessity calls for a thorough clearing out of work-baskets and drawers, when short

too glad to work for the poor and sick if they knew in what direction to employ their efforts, and it is for these and all who have a little leisure that the following directions are given.

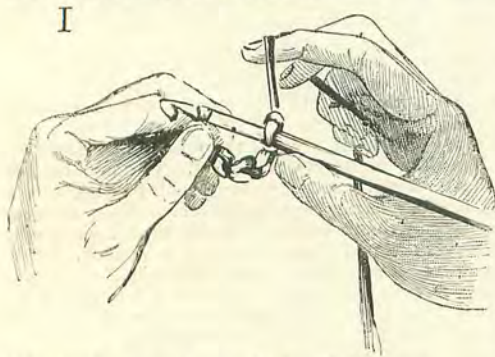
Just a few hints to start with. A fair sized crochet hook is required, and the work must not be tightly done, as it spoils the effect.

Double crochet consists in putting the wool once over the needle before making a stitch; in single crochet you omit this.

All kinds of wool can be used in the same quilt, for Shetland and other thin wools may be doubled or trebled to match "fingering" or "single Berlin," except for the outside edge where only black "fingering" or "single Berlin" may be used.

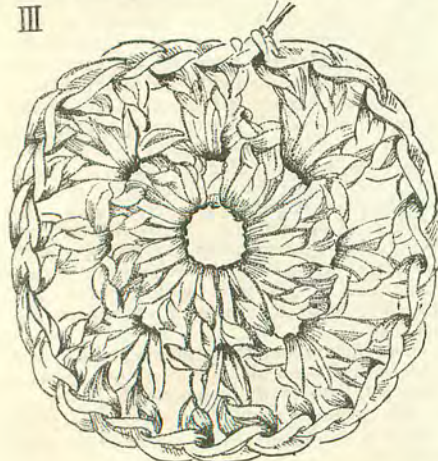
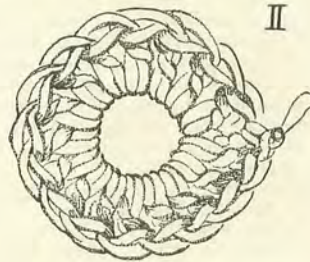
Every colour under the sun may be used indiscriminately for the centres; the greater the variety the more charming the quilt, indeed the effect is much

the eighth; fasten off at the point from which you started, and you have completed the second stage, see Diagram III.



lengths of wool of every shade and thickness have been accumulating for months and even years, and almost invariably the answer is, "Throw them away, they are quite useless."

Yet these same despised fragments might have been worked up into the prettiest of bed-quilts and covers for perambulators for poor people, who value them extremely both for their warmth and brightness; they give to the cottage or the attic just the bit of



colour wanted; and to the sick or crippled children in their perambulators they are a perpetual source of pleasure and amusement.

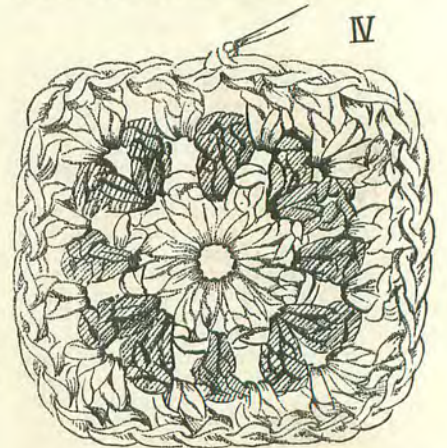
There are many ladies who would only be

prettier if you mix the colours with Oriental recklessness rather than try to harmonise or shade them.

Now to business. Select a length of wool, say, two yards, of any colour you like, and crochet a chain of six stitches, see Diagram I; join this in a circle and work into it sixteen stitches of double crochet, Diagram II, fasten off and you have a little star.

If you consider each two of the sixteen stitches you have just made as one, you will have eight spaces.

Now take a rather longer fragment of wool, it may be blue, green or any colour you please, and work two double crochet stitches into the first space, and four double into the second space; two double into the third space, and four double into the fourth; two double into the fifth space, and four double into the sixth; two double into the seventh space and four double into



Take a yet longer length of a wholly different colour and work two double stitches on either side of the stitch, consisting of two



double crochet in the row just complete, and in the middle of the four make four double stitches again. Continue this till you come

to the point from which you started, and if you look at Diagram IV. you will find you have four corners and two stitches between each corner.

Now discard colours for the time and take black "single Berlin" or "Fingering."

For this last stage single crochet is imperative.

Work two stitches between each group of two and make two chain between; but when you come to the groups of four, work

one stitch in the centre, then three chain and lastly another stitch, all into the same centre, see Diagram V.

Now suppose you have two squares complete down to the black edging just described, place the wrong sides together and single crochet them, using the little loops provided by the two and three chain.

This forms a little ridge on the right side; you can add others as you get them ready, making the quilt as large or as small as you wish.

Do not line it, as it is healthier without a lining, and if all ends are neatly finished off it will look as well on the wrong side as the right.

I have taught many servants about to marry how to make these quilts for their new homes. I see that many of those whose "daily round" is given in *THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER* use their leisure in crocheting either for themselves or others, and I think they would be glad to know what to do with odds and ends of wool.

## OTHER PEOPLE'S STAIRS.

By ISABELLA FVIE MAYO, Author of "Her Object in Life," "A King's Daughter," "By Still Waters," etc.

### CHAPTER XI. THE MYSTERY OF THE BADENOCH ARMS.



HE winter wrote away. Morag enjoyed her weekly readings and writings in her solitude. And she made a stand in their defence. For one Wednesday evening, when Mrs. Cay came into the kitchen, and glancing with strong disapproval at the outspread

book, remarked reproachfully—

"I am sorry to see you are not at the quilt, Annie," Morag answered, very quietly and gently—

"This is my evening out, ma'am."

Mrs. Cay cast upon her a look of unutterable significance, and retired to the parlour without another word.

Morag often thought of the poor wild girl whose suggestion had opened up this pleasant variety in her monotonous life. Miss Soutar had carried out her intention of writing to Robina, and her letter had educed a message, brought to the school-house by the pot-boy, "that Miss MacTavish thanked Miss Soutar kindly, and would be calling on her some evening soon," a promise which secured delay, and was never fulfilled.

As for Morag herself she was little likely to see Robina, as she was scarcely outside Mrs. Cay's house through the winter, save for Sunday evening service, and her rare visits to Miss Soutar. On one of these occasions she thought she heard Robina's light laugh rise from the centre of a group of idlers, lounging in the shadows of the market-cross. Remembering Miss Soutar's warning, this seemed neither fit place nor season of meeting, and poor Morag sped away half-frightened. Yet at the end of the street she paused, questioning herself, and returned on her own steps. But the group at the market-cross had dispersed, and Robina MacTavish was nowhere to be seen.

The Sunnyside Association did have a little exhibition of its home-made "greeting cards" at Christmas, and Miss Soutar took Morag's and put hers with the rest, and one of them was "Highly Commended" by the two ladies who were made judges of the work. Morag sent six, and they were all admired. Miss Soutar herself brought them back to Mrs. Cay, that Morag might get the use of them for the season of remembrance and good wish.

The girl pored over them. Yes, of course she must send one to the household in the Talbot Road. She chose one of the showiest, with some bits of rare fern and rather bright leaf, the card bearing the legend, "A Happy New Year to you." Certainly she wished her aunt and Gladys to have a happy new year, though her happiness and theirs might not be of the same material. Then she felt that, after all, she would like to put something beside Mrs. Cay's breakfast-plate on New Year's Day, and she set aside another card with the same legend, and a rather more sombre wreath. The highly commended performance, with its verse from Wordsworth, and its soft trail of moss, was for Miss Soutar herself.

Three cards remained. Well, that with the dried heartsease and the words, "With all best wishes" should be sent to Miss MacTavish at the Badenoch Arms, and Morag wrote on the back of it "From M. Henderson, at Mrs. Cay's."

She wrote also on the back of the others. Nevertheless she folded them in soft white paper, and stored them away in her writing-case. Those two cards were almost alike. Both had real ivy leaves and little sprays of forget-me-nots, which Morag had painted in with infinite effort. One was inscribed, "With loving memories," and the other "For Auld Lang Syne." And on the back of the first she had written, "For Elspeth, from Morag," with the date, and on the other simply, "Hamish." Perhaps some day, if ever she found them, she would give them these.

Morag said to herself that she need expect no souvenirs this season, and yet she found that she did watch for the postman's knock, and did cherish a fancy that her aunt or Gladys would remember her at the last moment, and send her a card or a calendar. But Christmas Day and New Year's Eve passed and the postman

never came near the house at all. She and her mistress retired to rest at their usual hour on New Year's Eve, but Morag lay awake and heard the people in the Market Square shout their welcome to the New Year, and listened to the flying steps of eager first-footers hurrying through the streets. She cried a little. There is perhaps nothing harder to bear in this world than the feeling of being left out of everything. Where there can be any sense of community, even in loss and sorrow, there is some comfort.

Next morning, just for one moment, she thought to herself, "What is the use of giving the card to Mrs. Cay? I can't profess to care for her, and she won't care for it. If she gave her thoughts to such things she would have made some little difference in the house. I'd be ready to share anything if I'd had anything; but when nobody has even thought of me, what is the use of my doing anything?"

But there was another and better voice audible in Morag's soul. It was not very articulate, but it seemed to remind her that Jesus had not bidden us to do unto others as others have done to us, but to do unto others as we wish others had done to us, which is a very different thing, and which, if universally obeyed, would make the whole world to blossom with happiness within a week's time!

So Morag put the card beside the plate, and set out the table, and retired into the kitchen to wait till her mistress came downstairs and called her. She heard Mrs. Cay descend. She did not call her in as quickly as usual. But when she did, and the girl shyly raised her eyes to the old lady's eyes, it seemed, to her surprise, as if the hard eyes were red.

"Thank you for the card, Annie," she said. "You have made it quite neatly. But I take very little account of anniversaries nowadays."

She spoke coldly and drily, though not unkindly. Little as Morag guessed it, her mistress had done a battle with herself over that card. The poor old lady had sons, who had both gone away and married, and forgotten her, except that their wives wrote after another baby was born, or when a baby died. Their mother never let them know that she cared—she knew bitterly that it would not matter if she did. But so keen was the hard woman's constant pain, that